ALL'S ONE,
O R,
One of the foure Plaies in one, called a *York-shire* Tragedy: as it was plaid by the Kings Maiesties Plaiers.

(***)

Enter Oliuer *and* Ralph, *two seruingmen.*

Oliu. SIrrah *Raph*, my yong Mistrisse is in such a pittifull passionate humor for the long absence of her loue,

Raph, Why can you blame her, why, apples hanging longer on the tree then when they are ripe, makes so many fallings. viz. Madde wenches because they are not gathered in time, are faine to drop of them selues, and then tis Common you know for euery man to take em vp.

Oliu, Mass thou saiest true, Tis common indeede, but sirah, is neither our young maister returned, nor our fellow Sam come from London?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the Puritan bawde saies.

Slidd I heare *Sam*, *Sam's* come, her's Tarry, come, yfaith now my nose itches for news

Oliue, and so doe's mine elbowe.